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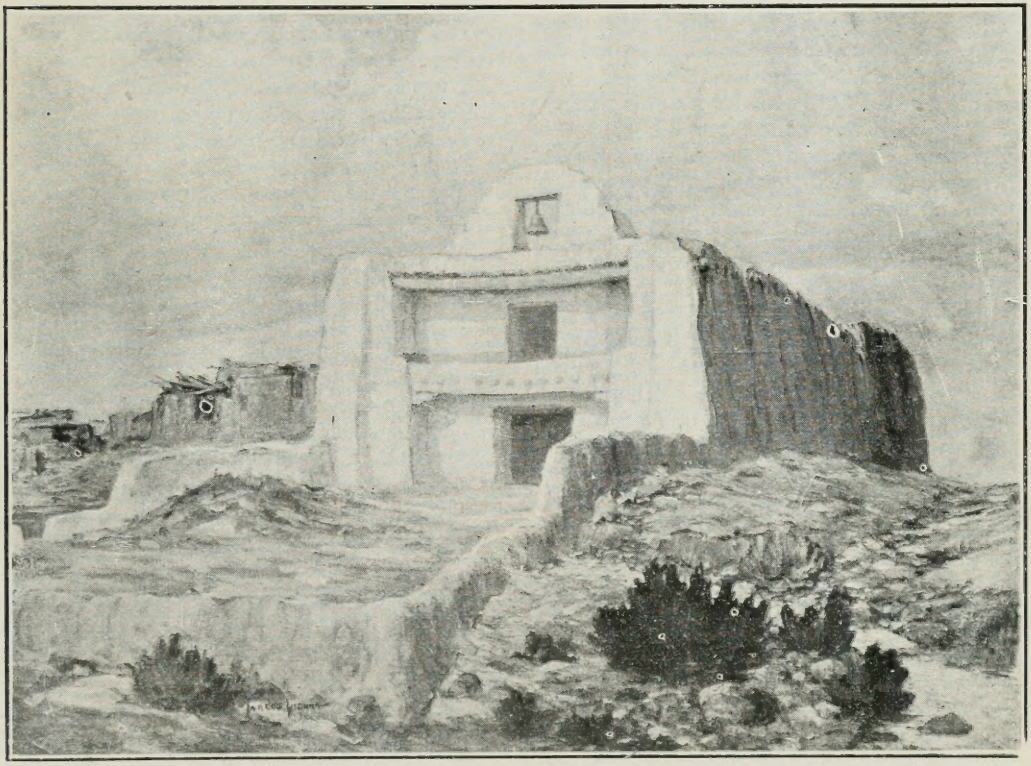

After Painting by Carlos Vierra

THE MISSION AT ZIA

The roof of this noble old Mission collapsed recently

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH

THE verdict of history on the present day in New Mexico will not be determined by solution of questions which now occupy the public mind mainly, but by the literature and the art which are being produced by the men and women who are practically unknown to the multitude as compared with the contemporary notoriety of some second rate politician. Fortunately for New Mexico, although the state has contributed but little to solution of present-day political, economic or sociological problems, it has achieved much in the way of the notable and the immortal in literature, art and scientific research. History will therefore record that New Mexico was not the least of American commonwealths in the year of our Lord, 1921. It is due to the influences which have gone out from the School of American Research and the Museum of New Mexcio, that the State and the people can take credit unto themselves of having produced that which is lasting and which is worth while. These works will be remembered and praised long after the present day bickerings of politicians and the shibboleths of statesmen and orators, which now fill press and public mind to the exclusion almost of the real essentials in life, are forgotten. Where there is no vision the people perish. New Mexico has a vision and it is symbolized in its State Museum.

Red Earth.

Vibrating with the very essence of New Mexico life, is Alice Corbin's latest volume "Red Earth" just pubished by Ralph Fletcher Seymour of Chicago. Strange to say, this life is a sealed book to most of the inhabitants of the Southwest but every one who reads "Red Earth" will experience a tingle of recognition of things long felt and observed, but thus far unexpressed. The poet reveals them to us and her words will continue to reveal them to future generations so that they will understand. She has immortalized the New Mexico of today which cohterwise might have slipped into oblivion despite ponderous tomes of written history and torrents of printer's ink poured daily upon endless rolls of wood-pulp paper. However it is not a threnody merely of local verse; it sings in a key and in harmonies to which the whole world reponds with understanding. It throws the picture of universal longings and passions against a background of desert, mountains and sunshine that are typically New Mexican. Only a great artist who unites the indefatigable perseverance of a true craftsman, can achieve thus richly.

In the very first poem, the writer introduces us to the setting which has made and is Santa Fe:

This valley is not ours, nor these mountains,
Nor the names we give them—they belong,
They, and this sweep of sun-washed air,
Desert and hill and crumbling earth,
To those who have lain here long years
And felt the soak of the sun
Through the red sand and crumbling rock,
Till even their bones were part of the
sun-steeped valley.

What expressiveness the real teacher of English could point out in these simple Anglo-Saxon words which conjure up a picture of the overwhelming grandeur and mystery of our beloved Santa Fe valley! What a sudden change of mood in the ballad that follows! What music and haunting memories in "Los Conquistadores," as Alice Corbin sings:

What hills are these against the sky,
What hills so far and cold?
These are the hills we have have come to find
Seeking the yellow gold.
What hills, what hills, so dark and still,
What hills so brown and dry?
These are the hills of this desert land
Where you and I must die.
Oh, far away is gay Seville,
And far are the hills of home,
As far are the plains of old Castile
Beneath the blue sky's dome.

The temptation to quote from each poem that follows including "Three Men Entered the Desert Alone," "A Song from Old Spain," "In the Sierras," is almost irresistible, but each one should trace for himself and herself the

gold that is woven into their warp and woof.

The five songs which follow under the group heading "In the Desert" are incomparably beautiful and perhaps, intimately self-revealing. But few things in the English language are finer than the apostrophe to Death which begins

"I have seen you O king of the Dead!"

The writer's power of description of moods in nature, of suggestion in simple phrase, are illustrated in the four other poems.

The group under the title of "Indian Songs" is an attempt at interpretation rather than the translation or transcription of Indian themes. It is the expressive comment of a consummate master of English who knows what is passing in the primitive mind and yet beholds the spectacle through the eyes of the sympathetic pale face. From the seven poems entitled: "Listening," "Buffalo Dance," "Where the Fight Was," "The Wind," "Courtship," "Fear," and "Parting," the last verse will perhaps appeal most poignantly to the average reader although it is the least characteristic in Indian thought or expression:

Now I go, do not weep, woman,
Woman, do not weep;
Earth is our mother and our tent the sky,
Though I go from you to die,
We shall both lie down
At the foot of the hill, and sleep.

"Sand Paintings," "Corn-Grinding Song," "Tesuque" and "San Ildefonso" are indeed rare pictures of Pueblo Land painted in sympathetic colors. One marvels at the art of the writer who with such simple words and paucity of metaphor creates such overwhelming effects. The very absence of ornateness proves the master touch.

"Desert Drift," a group of seventeen miniatures because of the directness of phrase, power of description, also presents much that is quotable, but it is in the poems which follow that the poet attains very near perfection. There is something of Walt Whitman in the majestic swing of "From the Stone Age," both in measure and in philosophy:

I am a part of space,
Time has entered into me,
Life has passed through me--
What matter the name of the god I was meant to represent?

There are tears and exultation in the group gathered under the heading "Candle-Light and Sun," and there are omissions as compared with the original publication in "Poetry" some time ago, omissions which some may regret. However, for a memory verse where can one find anything more striking than:

Death is a beautiful white mask,
That slips over the face, when the moment comes,
To hide the happiness of the soul.

It is particularly those who know of the writer's struggle with illness, her brave fight for health which brought her to New Mexico, who surmise intuitively that some of the things she writes about, especially those in the minor key are the beautifully expressed record of deep experiences actually lived and suffered through. To them the book has its most gripping appeal. Still few there can be who escape the magic such as has been put into "The Eagle's Song," or who fail to appreciate the quaint irony and music in ballads like "On the Acequia Madre," "Pedro Montoya of Arroyo Hondo," "Una Anciana Mexicana," "Cundyo," "Chula la Manana," "La Muerta de la Vieja," "Juan Quintana," "Petrolino's Complaint," and "El Coyotito," some taken direct from the Spanish, and all reflecting the life and thought of the humble peasant of New Mexico's ancient plazas. "Madre Maria," "Manzanita," and "Cristo Nacio," are put into English, even more musical and flowing than the original Spanish folk songs and verses.

No attempt is made at a technical critique of the poems. Suffice it to say that if every modern American wrote vers libre as Alice Corbin writes it, and every songster who still clings to the rhymes and rhythms of the Victorian age, sang as musically as she does, there would be no controversy over the relative beauty of form. However, it is hoped that sufficient intimation has been given of the joy and the heart throbs to be found between the artistic and attractive covers of this booklet to create a desire for its acquisition in every home and library in the southwest.

Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent.

"Art is the imperishable legacy of a people; its influence, caught up and transmitted to other generations and different lands, is like an unending vibration." Thus writes Natalie Curtis, one of Santa Fe's authors of national fame, in her newest volume "Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent." It is in a way a companion volume to "The Indian—His Book," one of most frequently consulted books in the Museum Library. It is written with the same rare sympathy and insight with which the author writes and lectures on the Indian of the Southwest, whose cause she has championed for years in the forum, on the rostrum and at the Seats of the Mighty.

The author, who in private life is Mrs. Paul Burlin, gathered the material for her book at the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute in Virginia. Ka'mba Sima'ngo of Portugese East Africa, Madika'ne Qande'yana of Zuluand, were her informants who gave Mrs. Burin the folk-lore and sang the songs whose words and music she has perpetuated in the volume. The two tribes represented in the book, the Zulu and the Ndau, belong to the linguistic family called Ba'ntu, a word of their own language meaning "The People," which brings to mind the fact that the sedentary Indians of the Southwest also call themselves "The People."

Mrs. Burlin precedes the tales and songs with a concise, yet comprehensive picture of primitive culture in Africa. While primitive, it was a complex and in some respects, an advanced culture. The writer has the faculty of placing herself in sympathy with the viewpoints of other races and her comparisons of culture in America or Africa are not always a tribute to the much vaunted superiority of the white races. In fact she presents a picture of possibilities which make the Caucasion culture seem less certain of ultimate triumph and perpetuity.

To the American ethnologist there appear curious resemblances at times in customs, folklore and ceremonies of the natives of Africa and those of America. Of course, it is realized at this day, that such resemblances are not necessarily evidence of contact, direct or indirect, although perhaps, indications of some similarity of environmental circumstances, such as climate, topography and natural products. Mrs. Burlin, for instance, says:

"The songs of the Rain Ceremony are particularly interesting examples of rhythmic organization. Founded upon the steady rhythm of the moving feet that circle in slow dance, the verses of the songs are nevertheless grouped, (as are the dancers) around the drum, the 'heart' of the song, which throbs a wordless invocation more potent than the voices of men." Thus far, it might be an introduction to a description of the Corn Dance at Santo Domingo, instead of the picturing of a solemn rite by the Ndau in the heart of Africa.

"This song is a cry of distress. The rain has failed, the crops will fail and the people will perish. The Vandau say that when a person dies, he must go alone. In living, people can share all things, and can suffer together; but dying cannot be shared; even when surrounded by children and those we love, each one of us must go alone. While performing this ceremony, all the minds of the people are concentrated upon it. Even as when a country is fighiing, the people put all their faith in their army, so now when the country is starving, they depend on the Rain Ceremony of which the drumming is the life-pulse." The song is addressed to the Earth Mother, just as the Pueblo Indian addresses his invocation to her and the Sky Father. The Ndau address the "Thunder of the East" and they give a version of the Thunder Bird myth. They address the spirits, much as the Pueblo relies on the Spirits of the Ancients or Koshare to guide his feet.

However, there is danger of carrying the analogy too far, if analogy it is. Mrs. Burlin reviews primitive culture in Africa which differs widely from that developed on the American continent. The African, early in his culture history, discovered the process of smelting iron ore and making weapons from metal, and his culture was subject to waves of influences from the outside while the American culture developed for ages without iron or any extraneous influences.

Mrs. Burlin presents in the volume a distinct scientific contribution to human knowledge. At the same time, the book has its appeal to the layman. It is not merely a study in ethnol-

ogy and in folk-lore, but also in psychology, in music, in fundamental earth-lore. Says the writer in her inrroduction:

"The translations embody the labor of several years. They are an effort faithfully to reproduce the original structure of the poems, even to the exact rhythm of the lines, while retaining with entire literalness the meaning and also, as far as possible, the word character of the African text. But it is not only in metrical form that the native of the Dark Continent expresses poetry; like his verse, his proverbs—terse, epigrammatic and full of the hard-headed logic which travelers have noted in the African—are poignant with metaphor. One proverb in particular seems to speak the soul of the whole black race today: 'We weep in our hearts like the tortoise.' For the African says, 'Even as the tortoise has no means of defense and can only weep where none may see, drawing himself into his shell and patiently awaiting his fate, so under oppression and injustice we who are defenceless may not even show our tears, which fall not down our cheeks but backward, silently, into our hearts. * * *

"And now a word as to the method of recording the African songs in this volume. The task was one of appalling difficulty, and though the success of such an effort can at best be approximate only, no pains were spared in trying to be true to both spirit and letter of the African poems and music. Every word of the text, every note of the music, was gone over hundreds of times."

The volume of 170 large octavo pages is from the press of G. Schirmer, the noted Bosten and New York music publishers. It is beautifully illustrated and bound in a cover of striking design. While intended for the general reader, the book also measures up to the exacting requirements of the scientific student and will have a permnnent place among the literature on the fascinating subject so charmingly treated by Mrs. Burlin.

MUSEUM AFFAIRS

Reception by Woman's Board.

The reception to be given by the Woman's Museum Board to Governor and Mrs. M. C. Mechem, the state officials and the members of the State Legislature on Wednesday evening, January 26, is for the public, all local residents and their guests being invited. The reception will take place at the New Museum, where the third New Mexico loan exhibit continues to attract many visitors.

Lecture on Crete.

Tuesday evening, January 25, at 8 o'clock, under the auspices of the Santa Fe Society of the Archaeological Institute, Dr. Joseph Clark Hoppin, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, will give an illustrated lecture on "Crete" in the St. Francis Auditorium. Dr. Hoppin is one of the lecturers of the Archaeological Institute of America.

SANTA FE ART COLONY NOTES

Contributed.

Mrs. Ameen Rihani, wife of the art critic, is visiting Mrs. Gerald Cassidy at her home on Canon Road. Recently published detailed descriptions of the Cassidy home and studio, draw a most attractive word picture of the unique place, in the remodeling of which the time-worn vigas, corbels and altar paintings of the old Nambe church were used. Mrs. Cassidy is as busy in a literary way as Mr. Cassidy is with his brush, her contributions appearing under the pseudonym of "Art-Lover."

Mrs. Randall Davey has returned from a visit to New York. The Davey house and studio, another remodelled adobe, is up the Santa Fe Canon, just at the entrance to the Forest Reserve. Mrs. Davey's sister, Mrs. James Deering, whose husband is in the diplomatic service is visiting her. Mrs. Deering who knows Spain well, and spent some time at the court of Madrid, and she finds the atmosphere of Santa Fe distinctly Spanish and charming. The Daveys entertained at dinner on Friday evening, January 21.

Rehearsals are progressing for the performance of 'Grumpy" under the stage direction of Mrs. B. J. O. Nordfeldt. Mr. Nordfeldt has the title role; Mrs. William Ewart the leading feminine part, and the rest of the cast includes

Dr. Robert O. Brown of Sunmount, Miss Hope Butler of New York, who is visiting her uncle, Mr. N. Howard Thorp, Mrs. Maurice Leseman of Chicago, Mr. Ashley Pond (who will give another fine interpretation of the subsequient but lordly butler), Mr. Maxwell Anderson of Albuquerque and Santa Fe, and others. The date of the performance, which is under the auspices of the Drama League, will be announced soon.

Mr. Harden Masters, son of Edgar Lee Masters, the poet of "Spoon River" fame, has returned to Santa Fe for a period of rest and recreation. Mr. Masters spent several months in Santa Fe three years ago and he could not, as he says, "get it out of his system." "The Domesday Book," the latest work by Edgar Lee Masters, is receiving high praise from the eastern critics, as is also Mr. Masters' novel of boy life, "Mitch Miller," which was illustrated by the artist John Sloan, who owns a home and studio in Santa Fe, which he occupies during the summer. Mr. Masters, Senior, is now in Italy, but will probably come to Santa Fe in the late spring.

The furniture for the new Sunmount Sanatorium, designed and executed by Mr. B. J. O. Nordfeldt in conformity with the old Spanish type found in this country, is now installed in the new building, where it fits perfectly with the New Mexican architecture. In fact, any other kind of furniture in this very beautiful and typical buildng would have been a blemish.

MUSEUMS AND ART GALLERIES

International Photographic Salon.

In the Gallery of Fine and Applied Arts of the Museum of History, Science and Art at Los Angeles, the fourth annual international exhibit of photographic art is being held during the month of January. A total of 288 photographs has been hung representing a hundred or more artists. The catalogue issued reproduces beautifully several of the more notable pictures exhibited.

Museun Night at Chicago.

Beginning with the new year the Art Institute of Chicago, adopted the "Museum Night" idea which was first developed by the Museum of New Mexico. Every Tuesday afternoon and every Tuesday evening, there will be a talk or a lecture by some distinguished visitor in Chicago or by a member of the Museum staff.

Exhibit of Chicago Artists.

Since so many of the artists of Santa Fe and Taos hail from Chicago, the Southwest is always well represented at the annual exhibition by Artists of Chicago and vicinity, which is announced to open on January 25 at the Chicago Art Institute. It is the fifth annual exhibit. A large number of prizes are announced and on the jury to award them are the following who have worked in Santa Fe and Taos: Edgar S. Cameron, E. Martin Hennings and Alvin Polasek, while among those whose pictures have been shown at the Museum of New Mexico besides those mentioned, are Charles W. Dahlman, Frank V. Dudley, Wilson Irvine, C. Raymond Johnson, and Albert H. Krebhiel.

Butler Prize Awarded.

The Edward B. Butler prize of $100 was voted by visitors at the Chicago Art Institute to Frederick C. Frieseke for his painting "Torn Lingerie." Second in popularity was "Sunlit Hills" by Gardner Symon.

Homelands Exhibition.

The Saint Paul Institute is having a "Homelands Exhibition" this month at which arts and crafts of various nationalities are being exhibited.

Ancient Peruvian Skulls.

Two ancient Peruvian skulls brought to St. Paul by Dr. D. A. Tover of that city, attracted much attention from the public this month at the St. Paul Art Institute. Says the St. Paul institute Bulletin: "One skull shows that Irephination had been successfully performed tn a skillful manner though it is a wellknown fact that they had only crude instruments made of shark's teeth, quartz and copper. Anesthetics and antiseptics were unknown." The largest exhibit of primitive skulls of that char-

acter, perhaps, is to be found at the San Diego Museum of which Dr. Edgar L. Hewett is the director.

Paintings of the West.

Charles M. Russell is having an exhibit of his "Paintings of the West." from January 17 to 26 in the Babcock Galleries of New York City. Mr. Russell is a "Cowboy" painter, who born in St. Louis, spent his life since he was fifteen, on the open range as a cowboy taking up art seriously only the past few years.

Museum Acquisitions at Philadelphia.

The Pennsylvania Museum has just installed the purchases made for it in India by Alexander Scott and the collections made for it by Robert Burkett among the Indians of Guatemala. These include numerous examples of the weavings of the different tribes and models showing their occupations. The collections of American gold have been placed on exhibition in the American section, while in the east wing on the first floor, an exhibition of Mohammedan art purchased by the director in Cairo and Damascus is now on exhibit. It includes a group of Fossat pottery from sites in Persia and Mesopotamia. Other exhibits just placed illustrate the decorative and industrial arts of the African Negro and of peoples of the South Pacific; North American Indian basketry, and Japanese lacquers as well as six Japanese screens

IT IS WRITTEN

American Journal of Archaeology

Leicester B. Holland publishes a discussion on "Primitive Aegean Roofs" in the latest issue of the American Journal of Archaeology, which incidentally takes a wide range in text and illustration. Primitive Apache house construction; the Hall of the Six Columns at Mitla, the rock temples at Ajanta, are all drawn into the discussion. The writer pronounces unsound, the theory of Professor Washburn "that the metopes of the Doric frieze, tn stone architecture represent the ends of horizontal beams used in earlier flatroof architecture of wood and clay." "Etruscan Shell-Ante fixes," by Stephen Bleecker Luce, "The Will of Lucca della Robbia," by Rufus G. Mather, and "A Marble Head from Rhodes" by Theodore Leslie Shear, are the otheir Illustrated essays in the number.

Legend of Mary of Agreda.

Father Zephyrin Englehardt in the January installment of his history of "The Franciscans in New Mexico," in the Franciscan Herald, emphasizes the historical foundations for the story of Mother Mary of Agreda. It is a remarkable narrative that is handed down by Benavidez and other writers regarding the conversion of the Jumanos and other Indians in New Mexico through repeated visions or visits of Mother Mary of Agreda, whose flights from Spain to New Mexico "occurred three and four times in less than 24 hours," these flights continuing from 1620 to 1631. Father Englehardt takes issue with F. W. Hodge who seeks to discredit the story by pointing out inconsistencies of detail in the legend as told by Benavidez. In the February issue the testimony of Mother Mary herself is to be reviewed.

January "Poetry."

"Poetry" for January prints two poems by Mary Austin and announces at the same time that this "distinguished author of many books of prose will soon publish her first book ol poems." One of the two poems is entitled "Whence?" asking in a new form a world-old query, adding a touch of Pueblo Indian imagery:

I do not know who sings my songs
Before they are sung by me.

* * *

And when my life is as dry as a gourd,
My heart the pebble rattled by despair,
Shaken at the funeral
Of all the gods that were,
I stretch my thoughts in the empty room—
And suddenly my songs are there.

The other poem is "Unworthy Love" ending with

While deep in the house of life
Age-long, unimagined instincts
Bay at the voice of the master.

Edgar Lee Masters who is at present roaming somewhere on the other side of the Atlantic accerding to his son who is making his second prolonged visit to Santa Fe, contributes "Keats to Fanny Brawne;" Carlos Williams writes "A Goodnight" typical of the Imagists, a despair to the classicists and a delight to all the literaty iconoclasts. Padraic Column is given the leading place with "Swifts Pastoral." "Songs of Youth" by Benjamin Rosenbaum are delicious. He is a student at Harvard and there seems to be promise that he will eventually loom big among American poets There are other noteworthy contributions, the, number benig rich in variety as well as in in terest. Mrs. W. P. Henderson, one of whose poems is reproduced in the Literary Digest for the current week, and who is associate editor of "Poetry" writes a spirited review of Louis Untermeyer's "The New Adam," and is quite caustic in her comment. Harriet Monroe, the editor, who recently visited Santa Fe as the guest of Mrs. Henderson, signs the leading editoral entitled "What are they doing" given to a discussion of the trend of activities in women's clubs and reaching the following conclusion:

"Every woman's club should be an agency throngh which its members, their children and their community in general, can advance to more complete self-expression in beauty. It should aim at the discovery and encouragement of each person's imaginative impulse or artistic aptitude-- of each person's special dream; and not be discouraged if the response is often crude or trivial. But perhaps this would mean a reversal of systems of education and schools of thought beside which the Russian revolution is as a molehill to a mountain !"

ART AND ARTISTS

Sharp's Peregrinations.

J. H. Sharp writes from his Pasadena studio to Art Curator Sheldon Parsons of the Museum of New Mexico: "We were in Wyoming and Montana for October and November, then to my home town, Cincinnati, for my annual exhibition, which was as successful as usual there, although business men complained and were pessimistic. I expect to just loaf around here for a few weeks, then probably go to the Canon and paint a bit before going on to Taos. Canon in snow storms, as well as the forest, are might fine. Ever see it that way ?"

Prize for Bellows.

George Bellows, who painted one summer in Santa Fe, has just been awarded the $600 prize and the club medal of the National Arts Club for his "Old Lady in Black," said to be a portrait of his aunt. The picture has been sold for $3,000. The second prize went to Frank DeHaven for his "Moonlit Stream."

Elected to National Arts Club.

Walter Ufer is one of fourteen painters elected to life membership of the National Arts Club. Leon Kroll who has also painted in Santa Fe was similarly honored. At the Members Show of the Club, Irving E. Couse was represented by his "Shrine of the Rain God," and Ernest L. Blumenschein by "October."

Exhibit by Sharp.

The American Art News this month speaks as follows of the exhibit at Cincinnati by J. H. Sharp of the Taos Society of Artists: "Mr. J. H. Sharp has returned from his western studio. This year his show at the Hotel Gibson is attracting the usual number of visitors. His paintings of Indians show directness and clean-cut draughtsmanship and are full of the strength and spirit of his models. Many of the landscapes were painted from Mr. Sharp's studio door, while several snowscapes done in Wyoming are decorative. His 'Oil Promoter,' 'The Montezuma Fire Priest,' 'Crucita,' and 'Summer Clouds' are among the best in the exhibition."

The December and January issues of "Art and Archaeology" appear as a double number given mainly to the work of the School of American Research in the Chaco Canon, but also publishing several illustrated essays on Central American Archaeology. Text and illustrations of the Chaco Canon material give a glimpse of the monumental character of the explorations and the importance of the discoveries made last season.